

FOR CONGRESS—10TH DISTRICT:
MARTIN L. CLARDY,
OF ST. FRANCOIS.

A. H. St. Clair has no further interest in the Carondelet Journal, having severed his connection therewith last week.

The State Democracy assemblies at Sedalia to-day (Thursday) to name the delegates who will assist in naming the next president of the United States of America.

The cut-worm is very numerous in Scott county. One day last week a farmer dug out seventeen from one hill of corn, and he asserts that six or seven are in every hill.

The Benton Record office came near going heavenward in smoke a few days ago. A match carelessly thrown set a window blind on fire, and prompt effort was necessary to prevent a conflagration.

It is amusing to contrast the declaration of the average Republican organ at the north, as to how the Louisiana negroes vote, with the statement of a New Orleans paper published by negroes:

OHIO STATE JOURNAL. NEW ORLEANS PERVERSE. One-third of the white men vote the Republican ticket, voters, remembering the just, fair, impartial, and peaceful administration of Gen. Nichols (the Democratic candidate) rallied around his standard and joyfully cast their ballots for him.

The Charleston (Mo.) correspondent's wian was probably father to his thought when he sent the following dispatch to the Globe-Democrat a week ago:

The Republicans are in a minority in this staunch Democratic county, but are still alive and enthusiastic. A combination may possibly be made to elect some of the nominees, as there is considerable uneasiness in Democratic ranks over the ominous silence of the Wheelers, and the politicians fear they may combine their strength with the Republican party.

At the same time our Democratic farmers here get a glimpse of the longings of the watchful Republicans: how the latter would like to use the former as stepping-stones to place and power. But the scheme won't work—we'll stake our last nickel on this conclusion.

Over in Farmington the editors are not moving along in that blessed harmony which is said to be the beauty and strength of all institutions, and at times they are both lively and interesting. Last week Bro. Fisher got his innings in this manner:

The alleged editor of the News of this place is very much exercised over what he terms the "vulgarity" of a cane the editor of this paper once carried for awhile as a defense against a threatened assault, and is very anxious to know the material of which it was made. As a matter of fact we did not know when it came into our possession, nor do we know now, except that we are told it was a species of rawhide that would not be out of place if well laid on over the back of such an animal as Pigg. Vulgar minds run in vulgar channels, and it is not surprising that the alleged editor of the News should conjure up vulgar thoughts over very innocent things.

Poplar Bluff Citizen: "Already Piedmont is feeling the effects of the opening of the Current River railroad. Before that road was constructed through to Van Buren, the merchants of Van Buren shipped most of their goods via Piedmont, and then hauled across the country to Van Buren. Now Van Buren merchants ship their stock by the Current River railroad, and neither Piedmont nor the Iron Mountain derive any revenue from Van Buren shipments. And this is not all. The stocks kept by Van Buren merchants have been largely increased, and hundreds of farmers in the surrounding country who formerly made Piedmont their trading point now go to Van Buren for the same goods. And this is anything but an agreeable condition of affairs to the average Piedmonter, yet it is true and the merchants of that town realize the situation too well for their own comfort."

At a meeting of the Jefferson county (Ill.) Democracy, at Mount Vernon, on the 17th inst., resolutions were adopted endorsing President Cleveland, and especially commending his message on the tariff. An interesting feature of the meeting was a speech by a farmer, Wm. J. Bledsoe. He said:

You may be surprised to see Bill Bledsoe here in your convention. If it was a Republican pow-wow I would need no introduction. For twenty-five years I have voted the Republican national ticket. I will do so no longer. I am not here, gentlemen, because I love the Democratic party, but because I love myself, and I believe, and am convinced, that the Democratic party of today is the friend of the laboring man. My conversation has not come for office, but because I have been convinced in spite of my prejudices. I was in the Union army, and fought all through the war. I came home a Republican, and have remained such until this year. The old bloody shirt has played out with me. It will not pay my taxes, nor will it raise the prices of my farm product 1 cent, nor reduce the cost of necessities of life. If I am not badly mistaken, fifteen to twenty thousand more farmers will do as I have done before the election in November. Enough, at least, to change the state of Illinois from a Republican high tariff and high state tax camp to a reform tariff, or farmers' protection state.

Although the question of local option has not been submitted to the voters of Ste. Genevieve county, the saloon question under the true local option

clause of the Downing law is exciting considerable interest in some of the townships. From the Farmington Times we learn that in Union township "a difficulty that came very nearly resulting seriously occurred last Saturday between C. J. Harrelson and Richard Burks. The two had been circulating petitions, the former for the remonstrators and the latter for a license. Burks had heard that Harrelson had charged him with forging names to his petition or getting them by misrepresentation, and meeting last Saturday Burks mentioned the matter to Harrelson. One word led on to others and finally to blows. Burks knocked Harrelson down and jumped on him, when a young son of the latter struck Burks over the head and knocked him senseless for a few moments. The next thing he knew Harrelson was getting up, and Burks discovered that he had received a pretty severe cut several inches long in the fleshy part of the thigh. The wound is not deep, and is not considered serious, but will probably lay him up for several days."

Hon. Wm. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, made a point in the tariff discussion in the House some days ago, which it will be difficult for the advocates of the monopoly tariff to answer. It is customary with them to maintain that the protective system is intended for the benefit of labor. One of their leading arguments in favor of a high tariff is that it increases the wages of the working people. If this is so Mr. Scott wanted to know why it was that while the average percentage paid labor to the cost of the article produced was in 1850, in this country, 23.3 per cent., the census showed that in 1860 it had fallen to 21.2 per cent., and in 1870 to 18 per cent., and in 1880 to 17.8 per cent. It is thus shown by the census tables that under the Walker tariff—the Democratic tariff of 1846—this percentage was the highest and that it decreased as the rate of protective duties increased. In contrast with this decline Mr. Scott showed that during these thirty years the average amount labor receives to the value of the article produced has increased in Europe, and that it is to-day in England from 30 to 32 per cent., as compared with 17.8 per cent. in this country.

In view of these facts the advocates of the war-tariff are requested to explain why it is that the American wage-worker's percentage of earnings to the value of articles produced has steadily depreciated while the prices of the commodities he has to buy and use are higher in this country than in any other country in the world, and who it is that is receiving the difference in cost and labor?

The Courthouse Yard.

Ed. Register—During the week of the Circuit Court at Ironton, and the week of the convention of the W. C. T. U., I concluded I would primp up a little and put on my "biled" shirt and go over to town and see what I could see; and I saw a good many of the old friends, and a good many faces that I did not know, and I saw lots of old men and middle-aged men and young men, and some ladies. Some were leaning on the fence, some leaning up against the trees, and great schools of men lying on the ground or leaning up against the house. And now, you will naturally want to know why that they needed holding up or that the fence or the house needed propping up? But like the dove that was sent out of the ark to see if the waters had disappeared from the face of the earth, it returned to the ark, for it found no place of rest. No, there was no place of rest.

Now, you know that when the war closed, our courthouse and all of its surroundings were left in a bad condition. The fence around it was all gone, the shade trees all destroyed—everything at cross-purposes; our county badly in debt, treasury empty, with lots of refugees and other poor to take care of. Yet, we who were placed on the bench went to work to bring order out of disorder, to rebuild the house and fences, to have the yard put in order, and I, your most humble servant, planted that beautiful row of shade trees in front and filled the yard with flowering shrubbery and evergreens with my own hands, at my own expense. Not a cent did I ask of the county for all that labor, nor did I wish any pay, and I asked the court at that time to make a small appropriation for the beautifying the grounds, such as two or three inexpensive summer houses or arbors, with seats, and that the grounds be put in grass, so as to make a nice place to promenade for the old and the young, and that the stranger within thy gates might find a place of rest—a place that the band could go to and discourse fine music. But the court said we are too poor now, but we will after awhile.

Now, we all know it is a source of pleasure to have a place all can feel is their own; for is it not the property of each and every tax-payer? I think it is, and I think the ground should be made so all can enjoy it; it was never intended for a meadow to make hay from. Now, Mr. Editor, as the county is out of debt, and money in the treasury, and able to buy farms for the poor and build iron bridges across the streams, I think our county could, without prejudice to themselves or the interests of the county, spend a few dollars of the county funds in making the courthouse yard a thing of beauty, a joy forever. A few seats scattered around the yard where a person could sit down and find rest, not for the weary, rest for thee, a place the old, the young, boys and girls can go and romp and roll on the grass at their own sweet will, a place where there are no doubts staring you in the face at every step and every turn you make.

Ah, Mr. Editor, if—well, if I was young again, wouldn't I—yes, I would go and get my best girl and we would go and sit in one of those summerhouses and call for a dish of good ice-cream and listen to the sweet tones of the band. Ah, it would be most as good as sitting at the lick, wouldn't it? Yes, let's have the seats and make the yard a place of promenade, and the fater generations will rise up and call you blessed!

T. P. RUSSELL.

From Goodland.

Ed. Register—Since "Tobias" has withdrawn from your list of correspondents and Goodland being the center of surrounding vicinities, having been represented in the REGISTER for quite a time, I shall, which I do not expect to equal him as correspondent, give you a few items from this point. I have perused with pleasure the various letters of your correspondents for three years, and to give "Tobias" justice I feel it my duty to say that his communications have furnished very delectable reading matter.

The despondent hearts of the farmers out here were greatly rejoiced on the 8th inst. by an exceedingly good rain, notwithstanding that it came too late to be of much advantage to wheat and oats, which will not yield greater than 60 per cent. of an ordinary yield out here, and in many localities not greater than 25 per cent. Meadows will be also quite light. But people yet anticipate a good crop of corn this fall, although the present prospects presage the contrary. Well may we hope!

Romane Adams went to Ironton last week on business, and on his return stopped over night with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnson, East Fork, reaching home next day.

H. M. Collins, Ironton, was out here last week on a trading expedition.

Most all the schools out here have employed teachers.

At the schoolhouse near Mr. A. W. Crocker's the young people occasionally have singings, which is largely attended.

Isaac Eaton, who is attending school in Salem, will return home on or about the 3th prox.

Mathew Adams' new house presents quite a nice appearance since having been painted. Mr. Samuel Brooks, Jr., is buying and selling all kinds of county produce.

There has recently been a great deal said about high-priced teachers—high-priced as some narrow-minded illiterates call them. The man who would ask a teacher, who carries a higher-grade certificate, and has spent the greater and best portion of his life to qualify himself for teaching, not for keeping school, to teach for \$25 or \$30 per month has a heart that would revolve in a nutshell. May the day speedily come when third grade teachers will not be known in Southeast Missouri, as it is in many other states; then teaching will be a profession, not a stepping stone, as under present laws. Many teachers who are qualified have to teach for a minimum salary for four or five months in the year and then pull stumps or maul rails the remainder of the year in order to keep soul and body together, because they have to compete with lame ducks, as one of your co correspondents calls them.

Mr. Green and son, Iron Mountain, were out here this week to buy cattle. They purchased cattle of the following persons: J. H. Stricklin, Jno. McMahon, J. M. Latham, J. T. Patterson and G. W. Bell, of Camp Ground.

J. M. Latham went to Middlebrook on the 3d inst.

Wilson Crocker has the contract of carrying the mail from Goodland to Oates. He makes a first-class carrier.

In my next I shall try to give something pertaining to the recent prospecting for iron ore near Foote.

PET.

From Black, Mo.

BLACK, Mo., May 9th, 1888.
Ed. Register—I notice in a late issue of the REGISTER an article purporting to come from that self-conceited, bigoted crank, Thos. Calahan, derogatory of Rev. Ballou, of Crawford county. He says in his ungentlemanly communication that "the saints at the Camp Ground being short on preachers raised the Macedonian cry, and Rev. Ballou responded promptly, and, as usual, the preaching was the regular compound of gas, wind, fog, moonshine, raw potatoes, sawdust, dry sheep dung and hell-fire." Any man that will so condescend from truth and all moral laws and fish up from the sewers of infamy such slanderous lies justly merits the unhesitating condemnation of all law-abiding and order-loving citizens. The Rev. gentleman just casually came out here on a visit to Dr. Purkers, and I suppose at the solicitation of the Doctor and a few others consented to preach; but what had the meeting to do with Calahan's business? The people of Camp Ground are just as adverse to thieves as they would be to such old prostitutes as T. C. If he does not put a limit to the venom of his polluted tongue, a strong decoction of the active principle of black hickory tea would be a good renovator, followed with a poplar disinfectant.

Fraternally, W. H. SHY.

The item referred to crept into the paper without the knowledge of the editor, during a temporary absence from the office. We have taken effective measures to prevent the insertion of such objectionable matter into these columns hereafter.—ED. REGISTER.

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Probate Docket.

Iron County, Missouri, May Term, 1888.

Commencing Monday, May 7th, 1888.

Bice, Geo., deceased, Martha Bice, administratrix.

Gay, S. T., deceased, W. T. Gay, administrator.

Gay, S. T. and W. T. (partnership), W. T. Gay, administrator.

Grandhomme, Jacob, Jr., a minor, Amanda Grandhomme, guardian.

Hall children, minors, Herbert H. Kiddle, guardian.

Haller, Elizabeth, a minor, Pauline C. Haller, guardian.

Haller, W. H. N., a minor, Pauline C. Haller, guardian.

Lay heirs, minors, Belle Lay, guardian.

Mertie, Louis, deceased, J. T. Ake, administrator.

Marsh, Alice H., a minor, M. P. Collins, guardian.

Marsh, Chester C., M. P. Collins, guardian.

Massey, S. and Rebecca Rubel, minors, John Crowley, curator.

Newall, Robert, deceased, Elizabeth Newall, administratrix.

Reynburn, Alexander, minor, J. H. Russell, guardian.

Reynburn, Jas. A., minor, Jos. A. Reynburn, guardian.

Richter, Henry, Jr., Mrs. F. Richter, guardian.